

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH  
20TH AND CHERRY STREETS  
PHILADELPHIA

TWENTY-FIVE

# HYMN-TUNES

Affectionately Dedicated to the Choir and Congregation

OF

St. Clement's, Philadelphia,

FOR WHOSE USE MOST OF THEM WERE WRITTEN OR ARRANGED,

BY THE

REV. ALFRED G. MORTIMER

Rector of S. Mary's, Castleton, S. I., and Chaplain of the House of Mercy, New York.

THIRD EDITION.

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I regret that, owing to press of other work, I have been unable to prepare for the press Part II (containing twenty-five more Hymn Tunes), but I hope shortly to finish it.

ALFRED G. MORTIMER.



# Miscellaneous.

## VICTORY.

## 1.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.

*mf*

*cres.*

*unison. f* *ff*

I.  
SAFE Home! Safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provisions short,  
And only not a wreck:  
But oh, the joy upon the shore,  
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

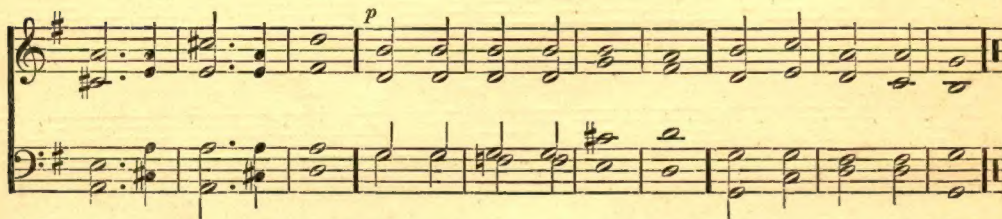
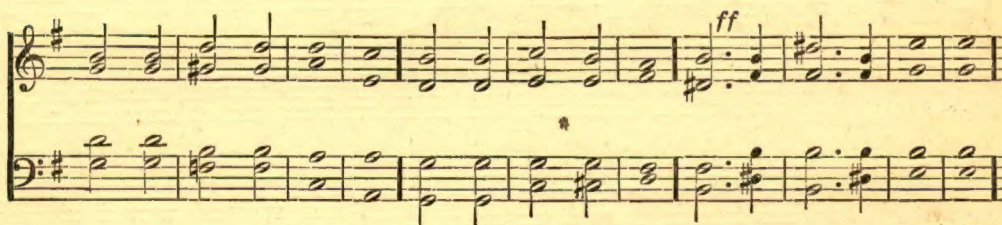
II.  
The prize, the prize secure!  
The athlete nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who puts the victor-garland on!

III.  
The lamb is in the fold  
In perfect safety penn'd;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end.  
But One came by with wounded Side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

IV.  
No more the foe can harm:  
No more of leaguer'd camp,  
And cry of night alarm.  
And need of ready lamp:  
And yet how nearly had he failed,—  
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

V.  
The exile is at home!—  
Oh, nights and days of tears,  
Oh, longings not to roam,  
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—  
What matter now, when (so men say)  
The King has wip'd those tears away?

VI.  
O happy, happy Bride!  
Thy widow'd hours are past,  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all His Own at last!  
The sorrows of thy former cup  
In full fruition swallow'd up!



## I.

In the hour of trial,  
 Jesus, strengthen me;  
 Lest by base denial  
 I depart from Thee;  
 When 'Thou see'st me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor for fear or favor,  
 Suffer me to fall.

## II.

With forbidden pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm;  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm;  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance  
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

## III.

Should Thy mercy send me  
 Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
 Or should pain attend me  
 On my path below;  
 Grant that I may never  
 Fail Thy hand to see:  
 Grant that I may ever  
 Cast my care on Thee.

## IV.

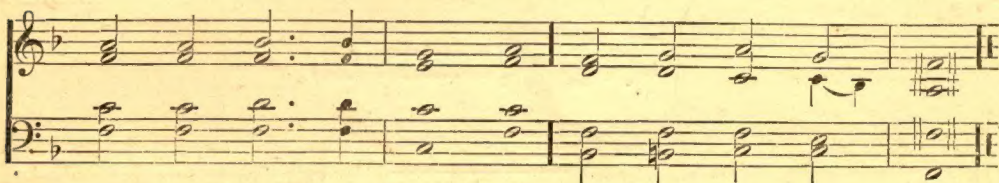
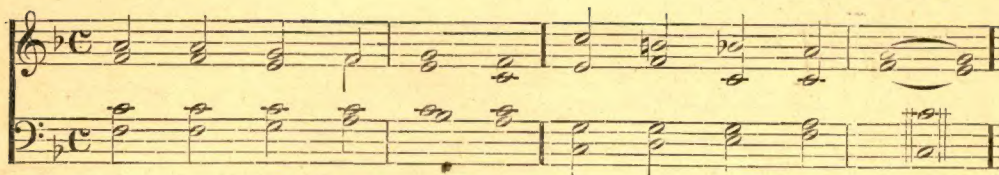
When my last hour cometh,  
 Fraught with strife and pain,  
 When my dust returneth  
 To the dust again;  
 On Thy truth relying,  
 Through that mortal strife,  
 Jesus, take me, dying,  
 To eternal life.



PORTSLADE.

3.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



I.  
Oh, let him whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

II.  
Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping  
Though none else is near.

III.  
God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

IV.  
Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempest driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

VII.  
Jesu, Holy Saviour,  
In the realms above  
Crown us with Thy favor,  
Fill us with Thy love.

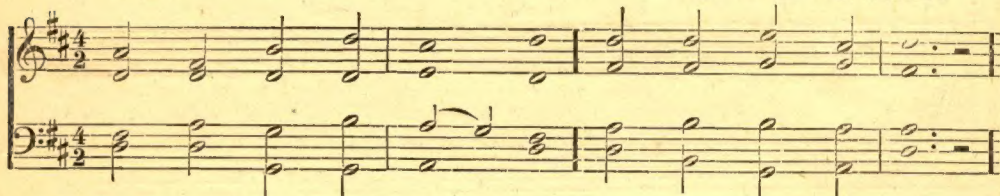
V.  
When in grief we languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succor near.

VI.  
All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know.

S. PETER.

4.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



I.  
Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

II.  
Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

III.  
Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, Holy Jesus!  
To the realms above.

IV.  
Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness,  
To celestial day.

V.  
Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

# Holy Communion.

FROME.

5.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



I.

The sacrifice of bitter pain  
Which on the cross was made,  
Free from all pain and suffering now,  
Is on the Altar laid.

II.

Christ's own true Body and His Blood,  
A sacrifice divine,  
Are offered here by mortal hands  
'Neath forms of Bread and Wine.

III.

We offer, Lord, this sacrifice,  
To praise Thee and adore.

To praise Thee for Thy precious gifts,  
Thy mercy to implore.

IV.

We pray for living and for dead,  
And all who worship here,  
Grant us, O Lord, for Jesus sake,  
The grace to persevere.

V.

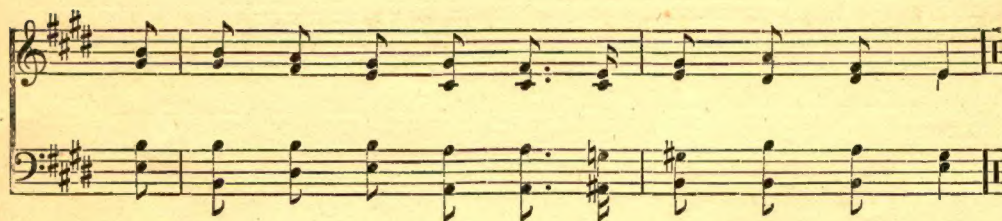
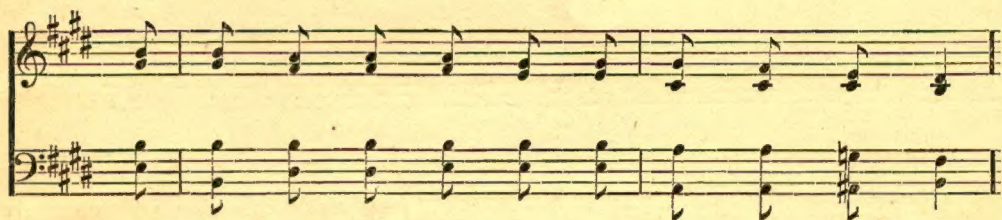
Before Thy throne, Blest Trinity,  
Our Saviour's death we plead,  
That Thou wilt of Thy mercy's sake  
Supply our every need.



## BENEDICTUS.

6.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



i.  
 Christ Jesus is coming  
 In love from His throne,  
 Christ Jesus is coming  
 To visit His own;  
 The angels attending  
 Encompass their King,  
 Who now is descending  
 His mercy to bring.

ii.  
 Blest be He who cometh  
 In name of the Lord,  
 Our Brother and Ransom,  
 Our Food and Reward;  
 Here where Thou art nighest  
 We bend on the knee,  
 And sing "In the Highest  
 Hosanna to Thee."

# AGNUS DEI.

7.

Rev A. G. MORTIMER.

*Very slowly.*



I.  
O Lamb of God, That hast no stain,  
That takest all our sins away,  
That wast for us poor sinners slain,—  
Have mercy as we pray. (*Twice*)

II.  
O Lamb of God, That hast no stain,  
That takest all our sins away,  
Grant us Thy blessed peace to gain,—  
The peace which lasts for aye.

# ADORATION.

8.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



*cres.*



I.  
We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,  
As children did of old  
Who sang within Thy temple  
Hosannas manifold.

II.  
We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,  
Who on Thine Altar laid,  
In this most awful service  
Our Food and Drink art made.

III.  
We worship Thee, Lord Jesu,  
Who, in Thy love divine

Art hiding here Thy Godhead  
In forms of Bread and Wine.

IV.  
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,  
And kneeling unto Thee,  
As Thou didst come to Mary  
I pray Thee, come to me.

V.  
I worship Thee, Lord Jesu,  
My King and Saviour mild,  
Thou hast blest other children  
Bless also me, Thy Child.

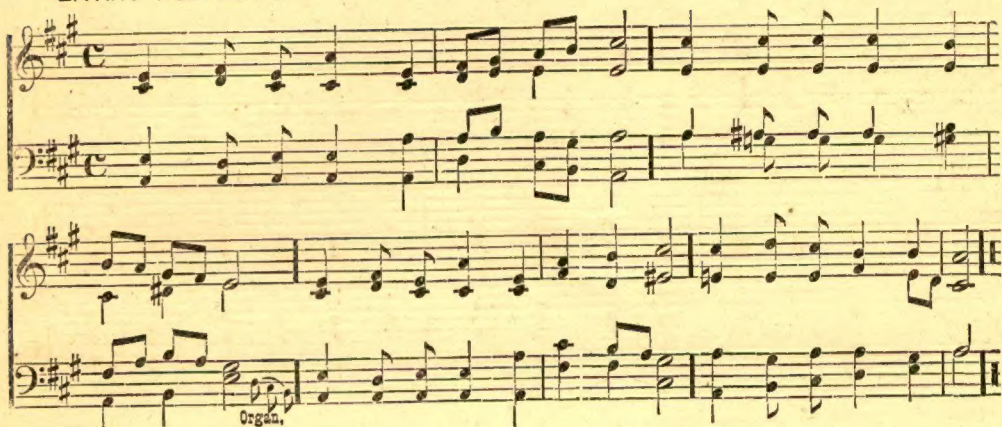


# Litanies.

LITANY FOR ADVENT.

9.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



FATHER Eternal, GOD most high,  
CHRIST to our race in flesh made high,  
SPIRIT, Who dost all grace supply;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

I.  
JESU, the woman's promised Seed,  
Bruiser for us of the serpent's head,  
Hope of the Patriarch's dying bed;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

Presence revealed in the bush of flame,  
Rock whence the waters freely came,  
Known by Jehovah's awful Name;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

Sceptre and Star and Diadem,  
Plant of renown from Jesse's stem,  
King that wast born in Bethlehem;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

Thou Whom Isaiah's awe-struck eye  
Saw on Thy throne of light most high,  
Saw on this earth condemned to die;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

SAVIOUR of Whom the prophets speak,  
With silent lip and smitten cheek,  
Man of sorrows, Redeemer meek;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

King of the world beyond the skies,  
Dwelling with us in earthly guise,  
With voice of love and pitying eyes;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

JESU, great and adored Name,  
Glorified now through Thy death of shame,  
JESU for evermore the Same;  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

II.  
WORD and Wisdom of GOD most high,  
Ruling in sweetest harmony  
All the years of eternity;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord*

Lord and Leader of Israel's line,  
Shewn to Moses in fiery sign,  
Able to save by might divine;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord*

Root of Jesse, before Whose sway,  
Kings shall be silent and obey,  
Thou to Whom Gentile nations pray;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord.*

Key of David, Who evermore  
Opening wide the heavenly door  
Wilt to our darkness light restore;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord.*

Splendor of everlasting light,  
Overcoming the shades of night,  
Sun of righteousness, Dayspring bright;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord.*

King of the Gentiles, and their Desire,  
Mighty to save from eternal fire  
All whom with life Thou dost inspire;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord.*

O Emmanuel, SAVIOUR; King,  
Who by Thy merits ransoming  
Dost the new law to Thy people bring;  
*Come and redeem, O Lord.*

III.  
THAT as Thou didst Thyself abase,  
We by the aid of Thy SPIRIT grace  
Ever may choose the lowest place,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

That in the strength of Thy promise sure,  
We, Thy Servants, faithful and pure,  
May to the end of our race endure,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

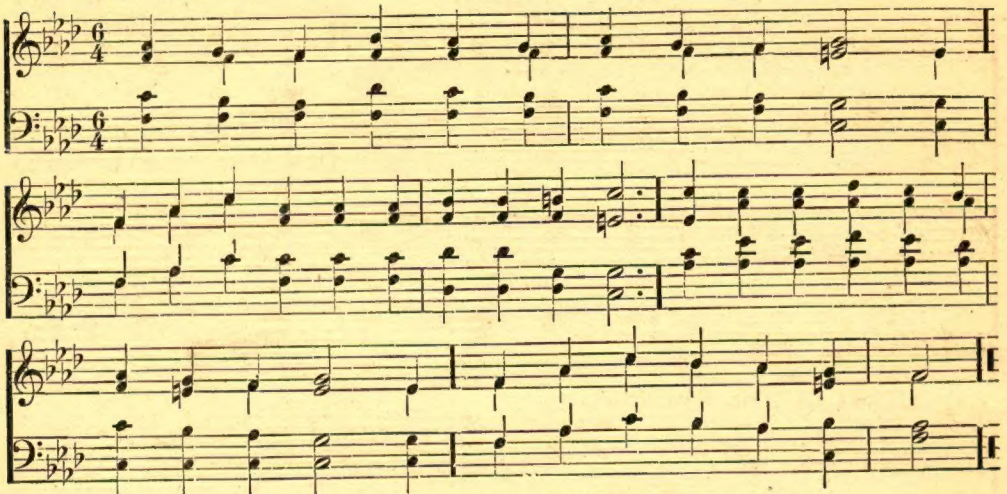
That Thou wouldst kindle hope divine,  
Granting to souls that are knit to Thine  
Visions bright of Thy face Benign,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

That in the Day of Thine Advent dread  
We with the sheep may be numbered,  
So to the living waters led,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

That Thou wouldst cleanse our dazzled sight,  
Making it bear the radiance bright  
Shed by Thine everlasting light,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*

That when we stand before Thy throne  
Thou wouldst accept us as Thine own,  
Thine for eternity, Thine alone,  
*Hear us, O God, we pray.*





FATHER, Whose love we have wronged by transgression,  
CHRIST, Who wast nailed for our sins on the Tree,  
SPIRIT, Who givest the grace of repentance ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

JESU, Adorable SAVIOUR of sinners,  
Author of penitence, Hope of our souls,  
Plentiful Fountain of grace and compassion ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who condemning the reprobate Angels,  
Gavest them up to the doom of their choice,  
Awful example of endless perdition ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Seed of the woman, Whose promise of mercy  
Shining on man in the gloom of his fall,  
Holding us back from despair and damnation ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who didst save from the midst of the wicked  
Noah Thy servant, who witnessed for Thee,  
Faithfully building the ark of salvation ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who, o'erthrowing the city of Sodom,  
Lot by the hands of Thine Angels didst send  
Safely away to the mountain of refuge ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who hast taught us the love of the Father,  
Meeting with mercy the prodigal son  
Weary of sin and abased in confession ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who didst enter the house of Zaccheus,  
Blessing his faith and accepting his love,  
When with his riches he made restitution ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who hast willed that not any should perish,  
But to repentance that all men should come,  
Saved by the Blood of Thy precious atonement ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Judge of the world, that before Thy tribunal  
We may find mercy and pardon from Thee,  
Judged by ourselves in our time of probation ;

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who didst empty Thyself of Thy glory,  
THOU Who Thy parents on earth didst obey ;  
That by Thy meekness our pride may be vanquished,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That from the love of the world and its riches,  
THOU wouldst preserve us and make us Thine own,  
Following Thee in Thy life of privation,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That through Thy fasting and awful temptation  
We may be fed by the Word of our God,  
Sober in food and restrained in enjoyment,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Lamb without spot, everlastingly holy,  
THOU Who wast born of a Virgin most pure,  
That Thou wouldst save us from all that defileth,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Christ in one Body Who bindest Thy members,  
Lover of all men, Whom all men must love,  
That Thou wouldst keep us from envy and hatred,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who wast silent when malice assailed Thee,  
Meek and unmoved in the midst of Thy foes,  
That we may never give way to our anger,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

O by Thy days of unwearied labor,  
O by Thy watchings and prayers in the night,  
That in Thy service we ne'er may be slothful,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Sins of the past which we fail to remember,  
Sins which in sorrow we meekly confess,  
That by Thy love they may all be forgiven,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

III.

JESU, Who once by the well to the sinner,  
Clearly the sins of her heart didst reveal,  
That Thou wouldst lead us to see our transgressions,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

Jesu, Whose look of ineffable sorrow

Melted the heart that in vain Thou hadst warned,  
That Thou wouldst give us the grace of contrition,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who, dismissing the crowd and the minstrels,  
Calledst the child of the Ruler to life,

That Thou wouldst raise us from death and damnation,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

THOU Who dost sit as the mighty Refiner

Silver and gold in the furnace to try,

That Thou wouldst purge us from earthly corruption,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That we may fall at Thy feet and adore Thee,

Pouring before Thee the gifts of our love,

Knowing Thy power and trusting Thy mercy,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That we may bring forth works meet for repentance,

That we give place to the devil no more,

That Thou wouldst lead us to full perseverance,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That we may work out with fear our salvation,

That we may put on the armor of God,

That we may live to Thy righteousness only,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*

That in this life Thou wouldst purge our transgressions,

Giving us grace to submit to Thy love,

So in the day of Thy wrath Thou mayst spare us,

*Hear us, we pray Thee, Good Lord.*



## KYRIE.

11.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us. Christ, have mer - cy

up - on us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

## LITANY OF THE PASSION.

Gon the Father, seen of none,

God the Spirit, with Them One;

Gon the Father, seen of none,  
God the Sole-Begotten Son,  
God the Spirit, with Them One;

*Spare us, Holy Trinity.*

Jesus, Who for us didst bear  
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,  
Hearken to our lowly prayer;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By that Hour of Agony,  
Spent, while Thine Apostles three  
Slumbered in Gethsemane;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,  
That the Cup might pass away,  
So thou mightest still obey;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By Thy drops of painful Sweat,  
Wherein Blood and Water met,  
Till the earth around was wet,

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the kiss of treachery,  
To Thy foes betraying Thee;  
By Thy harsh captivity;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the words of Caiaphas,  
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,  
By the spitting on Thy Face;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By those sad rebuking Eyes,  
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,  
When he had denied Thee thrice;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By Thy being bound in thrall,  
When they led Thee, one and all,  
Unto Pilate's Judgment-hall;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the scourging Thou hast borne,  
By the purple Robe of scorn,  
By the Reed and Crown of thorn;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the folly of the Jews,  
When Barabbas they would choose,

And would Christ their King refuse;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By Thy going forth to die,  
When they raised their wicked cry,  
"Crucify Him, crucify!"

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the Cross which Thou didst bear,  
By the Cup they bade Thee share,  
Mingled gall and vinegar;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By Thy nailing to the Tree,  
By the Title over Thee,  
On the hill of Calvary;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the parting of Thy clothes,  
By the mockery of Thy foes,  
As they watched Thy dying woes;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the Seven Words then said,  
By the bowing of Thy Head,  
By Thy numbering with the dead;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

By the piercing of Thy side,  
By the stream of double tide,  
Blood and water thence supplied;

*Hear us, Holy Jesu.*

Cleansing us from outward sin,  
And from evil thoughts within,  
That we may true pureness win;

*Save us, Holy Jesu.*

When temptation sore is rife,  
When we faint amidst the strife,  
Thou, whose death hath been our life;

*Save us, Holy Jesu.*

While on stormy seas we toss,  
Let us count all things as loss,  
But Thee only on Thy cross;

*Save us, Holy Jesu.*

So, with hope in Thee made fast,  
When death's bitterness is past,  
We may see Thy face at last;

*Save us, Holy Jesu.*

Organ only.

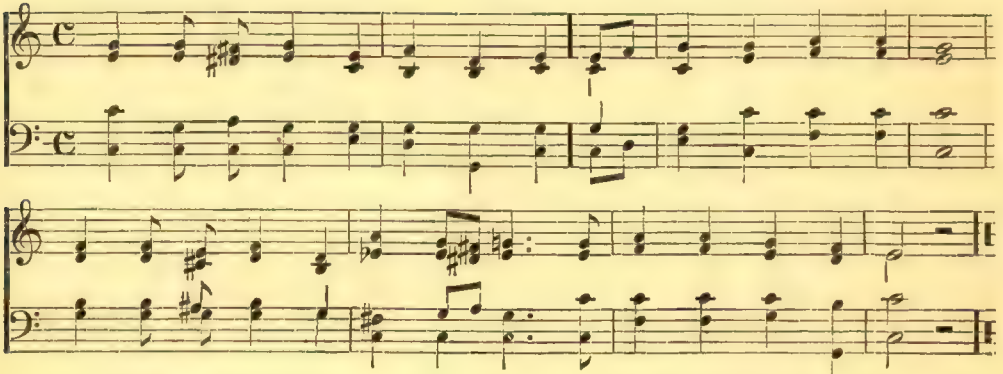


# Children's Hymns.

S. AGATHA.

12.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



God is in Heaven, can He hear  
A little prayer like mine?  
Yes, dearest child, thou needst not fear  
He listens unto thine.

God is in Heaven, can He see  
When I am doing wrong?  
Yes, that He can, He looks at thee  
All day and all night long.

God is in Heaven, would He know  
If I should tell a lie?

Yes, tho' thou saidst it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in Heaven, does He care  
Or is He kind to me?  
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear  
'Tis God that gives it thee.

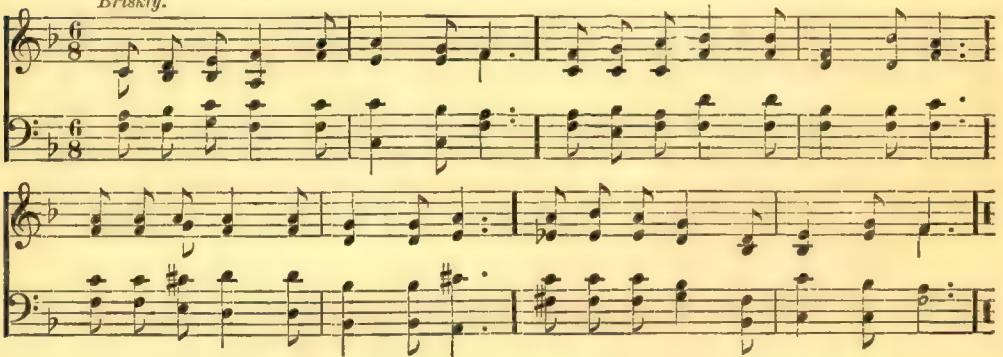
God is in Heaven, may I pray  
To go there when I die?  
Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one day  
He'll call thee to the sky.

S. AGNES.

13.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.

*Briskly.*



Beautiful strains that never tire;  
Beautiful crowns on every brow;  
Beautiful palms the conquerors hold;  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;

Beautiful all who enter there;  
Beautiful Throne of Christ our King;  
Beautiful songs the angels sing;  
Beautiful rest all wandering cease,

Beautiful home of perfect peace,  
Beautiful Zion built above;  
Beautiful city that I love;  
Beautiful gates of pearly white;

Beautiful temple, God the light;  
Beautiful Heaven where all is light;  
Beautiful angels clothed in white;  
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

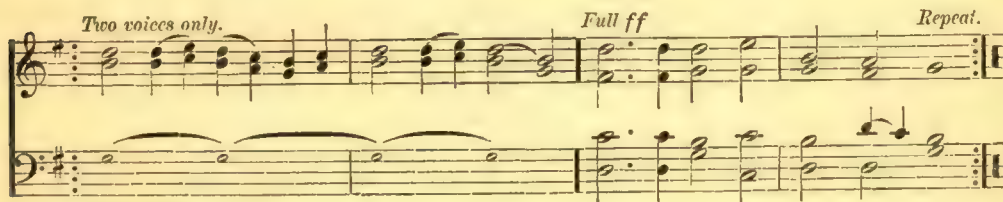
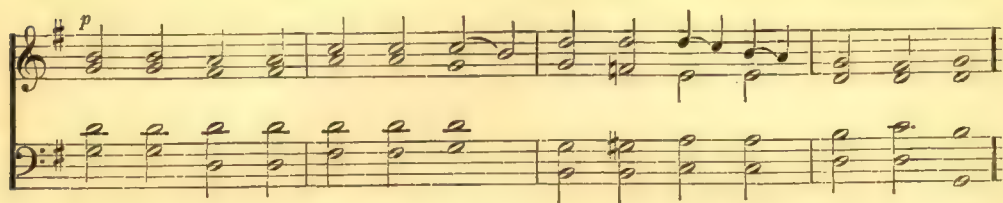
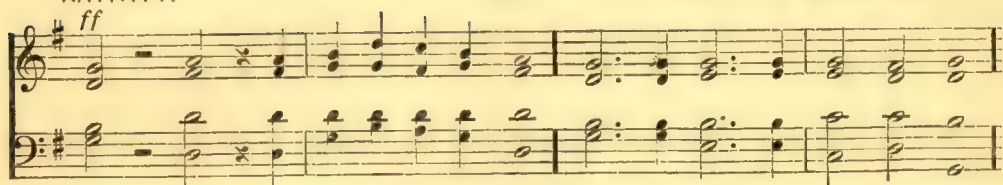


# Processionals.

NATIVITY.

14.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



Organ only.

HARK! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the Angelic host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ by highest Heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus our Emmanuel.

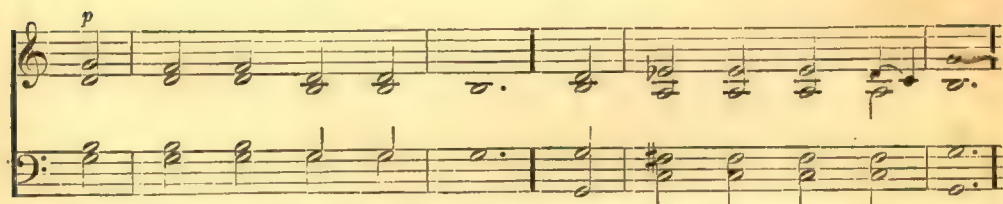
Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and Life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings,  
Mild he lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth,  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.



HASELBURY.  
*Unison.*

15.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.



Thou art gone up on high,  
To realms beyond the skies;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise;  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto Thy crown;

And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train,  
Lord, by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At Thy right hand on high.





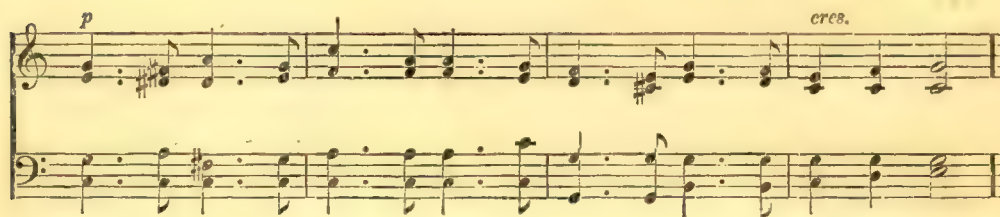
"WHEN through flood and fire thou passest,  
 Fear not, I will with thee be!"  
 Blessed words, whose true fulfilment  
 We this day with wonder see;  
 Holy John, the loved Disciple,  
 Doth the Church commemorate,  
 Witnessing for Christ his Master,  
 Bravely at the Latin Gate.

Fiercely unto Heaven ascending,  
 Rise the tongues of liquid fire;  
 In the caldron swift they plunge him;  
 As the flames rise ever higher.  
 Fearlessly his doom he faces;  
 He hath lain on Jesus' breast,  
 Jesus' arms are folded round him,  
 Nought can shake his perfect rest.

Wondrous sight, the flames are quenched,  
 Lo, the bubbling oil is still,  
 By God's hand restrained, all powerless  
 On His Saint to work their will!  
 "Yet awhile he softly whispers,  
 "Tarry till I come for thee."  
 And to us He saith, "My children,  
 In his footsteps follow Me.

"Give your hearts unto My keeping,  
 Ask not for the easiest way,  
 Only ask upon My bosom  
 Every grief and pain to lay.  
 Pray the prayer I love to answer—  
 Lord, do Thou with us abide—  
 Nothing can avail to harm you,  
 Hidden in My pierced side!"





Jesus, Master, King of Glory,  
Still to Thee we turn for life;  
Conqu'ror when the Battle's sorest,  
O sustain us in the strife.

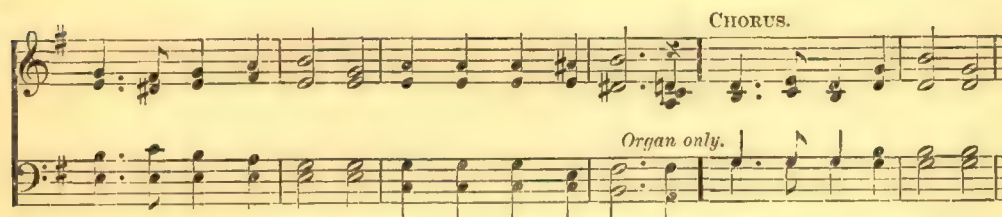
When the world is hard upon us,  
And we flinch before its scorn,  
Let us learn an earnest purpose,  
From Thy forehead pierced with thorn.  
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the Flesh is strong, and round us  
All its poisonous vapors roll,  
By Thy lacerated Body,  
Dear Redeemer, save the soul.  
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the Fiend with subtlest temptings  
Lures us to our endless loss,  
Mighty Master, strike the strong one  
With the sharpness of Thy cross.  
Jesus, Master, etc.

When the last dark storm is gathering,  
And our hearts are swept with fear,  
By the love of Thy dear Passion,  
Master, let us feel Thee near.  
Jesus, Master, etc.

So when all at last is ended,  
And the Rest is reached above,  
May we swell Thy Heart's rejoicings  
With the rapture of our love.  
Jesus, Master, etc.



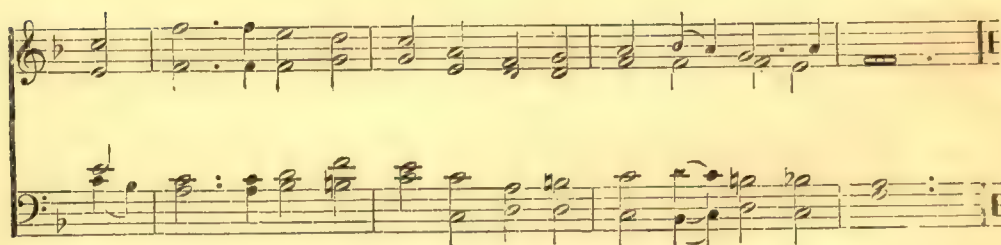
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high,  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred Feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy Children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray,  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
 Bid Thine Angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lour.  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy Throne of love;  
 When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His Beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.





JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of the Saints,  
O sweet and pleasant soil,  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
God grant I once may see  
Thy endless joys, and of the same  
Partaker aye to be!

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine;  
Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine.

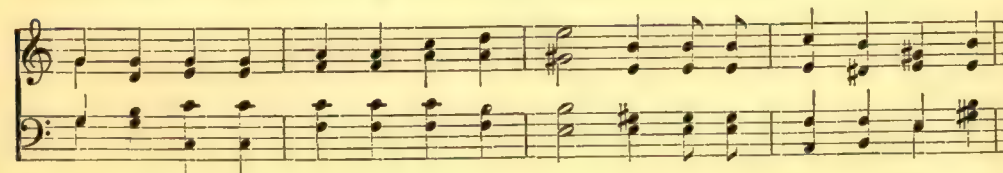
There David stands, with harp in hands,  
As master of the quire;  
Ten thousand times that man were blest,  
That might his music hear!

Our Lady sings MAGNIFICAT  
With tones surpassing sweet,  
And all the Virgins bear their part.  
Sitting about her feet.

THE DRUM doth Saint Ambrose sing,  
Saint Austin doth the like;  
Old Simcon and Zachary  
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing  
With blessed Saints whose harmony  
In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee;  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see.



*f.* We march, we march to victory!  
*f.* With the Cross of the Lord before us,  
 With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the night of the Lord of Light,  
 In surpliced train to meet Him,  
 And we put to flight the armies of night,  
 That the sons of day may greet Him;  
*f.* We march, we march, etc.

2 He marches in front of His banner unfurled,  
 Which He raised that His own might find Him;  
 And the Holy Church throughout all the world  
 Falls into rank behind him:  
 We march, we march, etc.

*Boys.* 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
 Our march to the golden Sion;  
*Men.* For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
 And burst the bars of iron:  
 We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
 With the banner of Christ before us,  
 With His Eye of love looking down from above,  
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory!  
 With the Cross of the Lord before us,  
 With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
 And his holy arm spread o'er us.





DAILY, daily sing the praises  
Of the City God hath made;  
In the beauteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation-stones are laid.

O that I had wings of angels  
Here to spread and heavenward fly,  
I would seek the gates of Zion,  
Far beyond the starry sky!

All the walls of that dear City  
Are of bright and burnished gold;  
It is matchless in its beauty,  
And its treasures are untold.  
O that I had wings, etc.

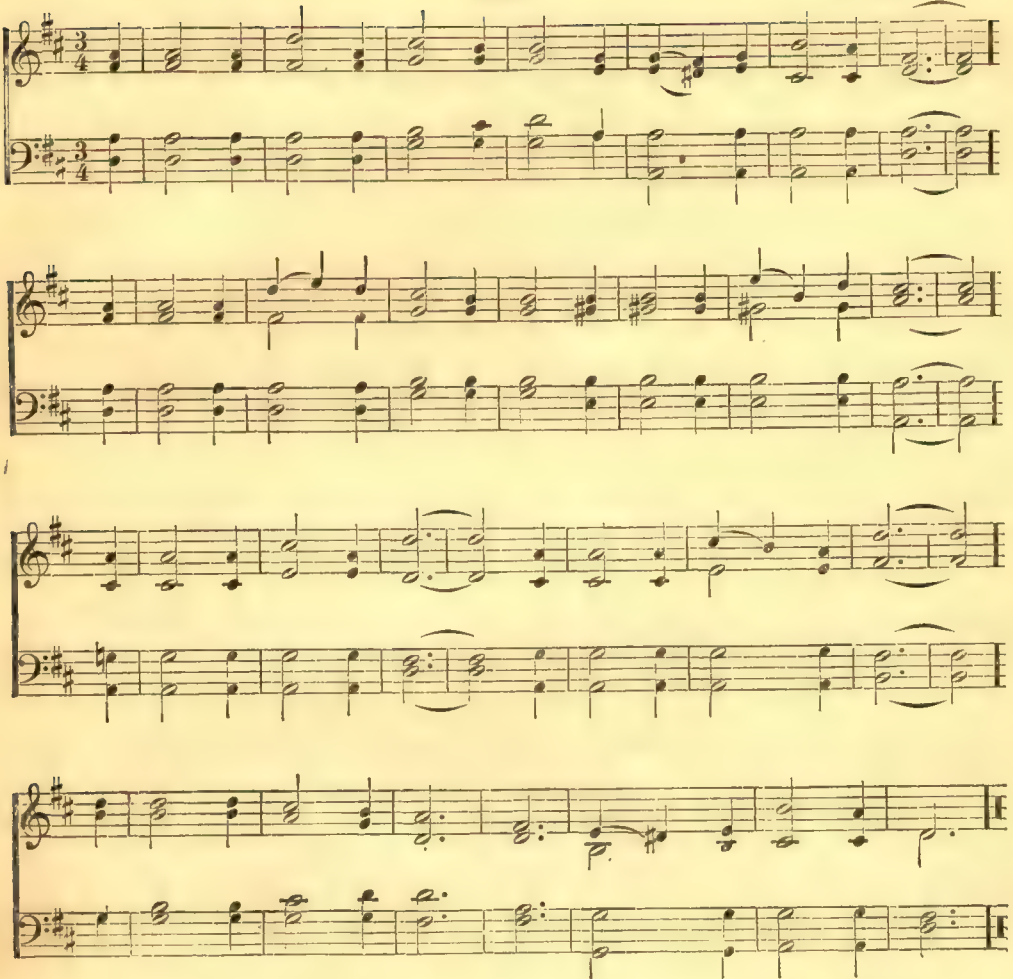
In the midst of that dear City  
Christ is reigning on his seat,  
And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about His feet.  
O that I had wings, etc.

From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the City  
Like a sudden beam of light.  
O that I had wings, etc.

There the meadows green and dewy  
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;  
Thousand, thousand are the colors  
Of the waving flowers there.  
O that I had wings, etc.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,  
And the great redeeming throng.  
O that I had wings, etc.

O I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain!  
O I would my eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain!  
O that I had wings, etc.



O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest?  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 The world is growing old.  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold?  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

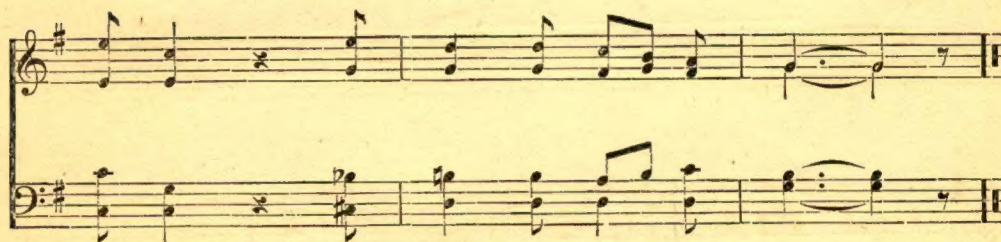
O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 In love prepares for me;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight.







HARK! hark! my soul; Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"  
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home,  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last,  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadow break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.











O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee the high and lowly  
Before the eternal Throne  
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great Three in One.

On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from Heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land;

A day of sweet reflection,  
A day of holy love,  
A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly Manna falls,  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in one.

NOTE.—The harmonies of tunes 19, 20 and 24 are the Author's.

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